The complaynte and testament of a Popiniay

Which lyeth sore wounded and maye not dye, tyll euery man hathe herd what he sayth:

Wherfore gentyll readers haste you ỹ he were oute of his payne.

Ancient prologus.

Suppose I had ingyne angelicall
With sapience super salomonicall
And not what matter put in memory
The poetis olde in stile heroycall
In breue subtile termes rethoricall
Of euery lk mater tragedie and story
So ornatly to their hie laude and glory
Hath done indite Whose supreme sapience
Transcendeth fer, the dull intelligence.

Of poetis now in tyll ours vulgar toung
For why the bell of retorik is roung
By Chaucer Gower and Lidgate laureate
Who dare presume these poetis till impoung
Whose swete sentence throughy Albion bene soung
Or who can now the werkes contrefate
Of kennedy With termis aureate
Or of dumbar Whylk language had at large
As may be sene in till his goldin targe

Quintyne/ Wedderburne/ Lowle/ Henderson/ Hay/ & holland
Though thy bene deedlie libellis bene lyuand
Whilke to rehers makes readers to reioyse
Alas for one whilk lampe was of this land
Of eloquence the flowing balmy strand
And in our Inglyssche rethoryk the roise
As of rubeis the charbuncle bene choise
And as Phebus doth sunthe a precell
So Gawane douglase bischop of dunkell,

had When he was in to this lande on lyue
Aboue vulgare poetes prerogatyue
Both in practik and speculation
I saye no more good reders may descryue
His worthy werkes in nomber mo than fyue
And specially in the true translation
Of Virgyll whilk bene consolation
To cunnyng men to knowe his great ingyne
As well in naturall science as diuyne

And in the court bene present in this dayes
That balletes breuis lustely and layes
Whylkes to our prince dayly they do present
Who can say more than syr James Inglysche sayes
In ballattes farsis and in plesand playes
But Culrose has his pen made impotent
Bath in cunnyng and practik rycht prudent
And steward whilk desiris a stately style
Full ornate werkes dayly doth compyle.

Steward of Ioun wyll carp rycht curiously
Galbrayt kinloch when they lyst them apply
In to that art ar crafty of ingyne
But now of late is stert vp hastely
A cunnyng clerk whilk writeth craftely
A plant of poetes callid ballantyne
Whose ornate werkes my wyt can not defyne
Get he in the court auctorite
He wyll precell Quintyne and kenedy.

So though I had ingyne as I haue none
I wote not what to write be sweit sayne Iohane

,y in all the garth of eloquence
3 nothing lefte but barayne stok and stone
The polit termes are pullid euery one
Be these forenamd poetis of prudence
And seing I find none other new sentence
I shall declare or I depart you fro
The complant of a woundid papingo.

Wherfore because my mater bene so rude
Of sentence and of rethorik denude
To rurale folk my ditying bene direct
Fer flemit frome the sight of men of gud
For cunning men I know will sone conclude
It dow nothing but for to be deiect
And when I here my mater bene detract
Than shall I swere I made it but in mowes
To vplandishe lallis whilk kepeth kye and yowes

Here endis the prologue
And begynnis the complant.

Who clymmis to hyghe pforze his fete ti.
Expresse I shall that by experience
Yf that ye please to here a pituouse tale
How a faire bird by fatale violence
Deuourid was and myght make no defence
Contrary the deth so fayleth naturall strength
As after I shall shewe you at moze length

A papingo ryght pleasant and perfyte
Presentid was to our most noble kyng
Of whom his grace long tyme had great delite
Moze faire of forme I wote slew neuer with whing
This proper bird he gaue in gouerning
To me whylk was his semple seruiture
On whom I did my deligence and cure

To lerne her language artificiall
To play plat fote and whisslill fot befoze
But of her inclination naturall
She countrefeted all foulis lesse and moze
Of her cozage she Wolde with out my loze
Sing like the merle/and kraw like the cocke
Pew like the gled/and chant like the lauerocke.

Bark like a dog/and kekill like a ka
Blait like a hog/and buller like a buile
Gaile like a gock/and great When she Was wa
Clyme on a cozd/synge laughe and play the fule
She myght haue bene a menstrell agayns youle
This blisfull bird was to me so pleasand
Where euer I went/I bare her on my hand.

¶ The discription of her murnyng.

And so befell vpon a mirthfull morowe
In to my garth I past me to repose
This bird and I as we were wont affore we
Among the flowres freshe fragrant & forme se
My vitall spirite duly did reioyse
When phebus rose and raise the cloudis sable
Through bryghtnes of his beames amiable

Without vapoure was well purificate
The temperat ayre soft sober and serene
The erth by nature so edificate
With holsome herbes blewe/white/reed/and grene
Whilkis eleuate my spiritis frome the splene
That day Saturne nor Mars did not appere
Nor Eol out of his caue durst not stere.

That day perforce behoued to be fayre
By influence and course celestiall
No planet presid for to perturbe the ayre
For Mercurius be mouing naturall
Exalted was in to the trone triumphall
Of his mansion vnto the fyfteneth gre
In his owne souerayn signe of virginye

That day did phebus plesantly depart
From Gemini and entrid in Cancer
That day cupido did extend his dart
Venus that day communed with Jupiter
That day Neptunus hid him like a fker
That day same nature with gret besines
Purchasid for to prone hir craftines

And retrograid Was Wars in Capricorne
And cynthea in sagittar assesid
That day dame Ceres goddes of the corne
Full ioyfully Johan vpland appesid
The bad aspect of Saturne Was appesid
That day by Juno of Jupiter the Joy
Perturbynge spretis causid to hold coy.

The sound of birdis surmounted all the skyes
With melody of notis musicall
The balmy droppis of dew Tytan vp dryis
Hanging vpon the tender twystis small
The heuenly hewe and sound angelicall
Sik perfyte plesure prentid in my hart
That With great payne from thens J myght depart

So still among the herbis amyable
J did remayn a space for my pastance
But Worldly pleasure bene so variable
Mixid With sorowe, drede and inconstance
That founde therin is no contynuance
So myght J say my short solace alas
Was dryuen in dolour in a lytle space.

For in that garth among the fragrant floures
Walkyng alone none but my bird and J
Unto the tyme that J had said my houres
This birde J set apon a branche me by
But she began to clymbe ryght spedely
And in that tre she did so hie ascend
That by no Way J myght hir apprehend

de I sayd beware, mount not ouer hye
[illegible] in tyme, perchaunce thy fete may fayle
Thou art tyght fat, and not well vsed to fle
The gredy glede, I drede shall the assayle
I wyll ascende vp she, chaunce what be chaunce me
It is my kynde to clym ay to the hyght
Of fether and bone, I wote wele I am wyght

So on the hyghest lytell tender twyst
With whynges displayde she sate full wantonly
But Boreas blewe a blast or euer she wyst
Whyle brake the braunche, and blewe her sodeynly
Downe to the ground with many a carefull crye
Upon a stub she lyght on her breest
The bloode russhed out, and she cryed for a preest

God wote yf than my hert was wo begone
To se that foule flytter amonge the floures
Whyle with great mournyng gan to make her mone
Now are come sayd she my fatale houres
Of bytter deth now must I suffre the shoures
O dame nature I pray the of thy grace
Lende me leysure to speke a lytell space

For to complayne my fate infortunate
And bequeth my naturall gere or I departe
Seynge of all comfort I am desolate
Alone excepte the deth with his darte
With awfull chere redy to perse my harte
And with that worde she toke a passion
Syne flatynges fell and swapped in to swowne

With sory hert persed with compassion
And salt teres distelling from myne eyne
To heare that birdis lamentation
I did approche vnder a hauthorne grene
Where I myght here and se and not be sene
And when this bird had swowned twyse or thryse
She gan to speke sayeng on this wyse

O false fortune why hast thou me begyled
This day at morne who knewe this carefull case
Vayne hope in the my reason hath exiled
Hauing his trust in to thy feyned face
That euer I was brought to the court alas
Had I in forest flowne amonge my feres
I myght full well haue lyued many yeres.

Wyse and true counsell alas I dyd refuse
Agayne reason vsyng my appetite
Ambition did so my hert abuse
That Eolus had me in great dispite
Poetis of me hath mater to indyte
Whyls clam so hye and wo is me therfore
Not doubtyng that deth durst me deuore.

This day at morne my foune and fetheren fayre
Aboue the proude pecok were prece land
And now a caytyfe carion full of care
Bathyng in blode downe from my hert distelland
And in my eare the bell of deth bene knelland
O false World fy on thy felicite
Thy pryde, auarice, and immundicite.

In the I se nothing bene permanent
Of thy thort solace sorow is the ende
Thy false unfortunate gyftes bene but lent
This day full proude the morne nothing to spend
O ye that dothe pretende ay till ascend
Wt fatale end haue in remembraunce
And you defend from sik vnhappy chaunce.

Whether I was stryken in ertasy
Or through a stark ymagination
But it appereth in my fantasy
I herd this dolent lamentation
Thus dulli din to desolation
We thought this bird dyd discriue in hyr maners
Her counsall to the king as ye shall here.

Here begynnes the first Epistell of the papingo derect tyll hyr soueranе lord king James the fift.

Repotent prince pereles of pulchritude
Glorie/honour/laude/triumphe/and victory
Be to thy hie excellent celsitude
With merciall dedis digne of memory
Seyng Atropos consumed has my glory
And dolent deth alas muste vs depart
I bequeth to the my true vnfayned hart

To gidder with this cedull subsequent
I. with moste reuerend recommendacyon
I grant thy grace gettis many a document
By famoule faders predication
With many notable narracyon
Be plesand poetis in stile heroycall
How thou sholde guyde thy seat imperiall.

Some doth deploze the great calamities
Of diuers realmes transmutation
Some petiusly doth trete of tragedies
All foz thy graces infozmacyon
So I intende without adulacyon
In my barbarous rusticall indite
Among others syz, somthynge foz to wzite

Souerayne conceyue this syple similitude
Of officers seruing thy segnoz
I. ho guydes them well gettis of thy grace great gud
I. ho ene must degraded ar of glozy
And cauncelled out of thy memozy
Prouiding syne moze plesand in theyz place
Beleue, zight so shall god do with thy grace

Considering well thou beue but officiare
And vassell to that kynge incomparable
Haste the to plase that puissant pzynce preclare
Thy ryche reward shall be inestimable
Exalted bre in glozy determinable
Abou. e archangels dertus and potestates
Plesantly placid among the pzincypates.

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Of thy vertue poetes perpetually
Shall make mencyon vnto the worlde be ended
So thou exercyse thy office prudently
In heuen and erth thy grace shall be commended
Wherfore beware that he be not offended
Whilk has exalted the to sik honour
Of his people to be a gouernour.

And in the erth hath made sik ordinance
Vnder thy fete all thing terrestriall
Are subiect to thy pleasure and pastance
Bothe foule and fisshe and bestes pastorall
Men to thy seruice and wemen they bene thrall
Hawkyng huntyng iustyng and laufull amour
Preordinate ar by god for thy pleasour.

Maysters of musik to recreate thy spryte
With danted voyce and pleasant instrument
Thus may thou be of all pleasure replete
So that in thy office thou be diligent
But be thou founde sleuthfull or negligent
Or els must in thyne execution
Thou shalt not fayle deuyne punycyon.

Wherfore seyng thou has sik capacite
To lerne to play so pleasantly and sing
Ryde horses ryue speres With great audacite
Shote With handbow crosbow and culuerin
Among the rest spryng lerne to be a kyng
Proue on that crafe thy pregnant freshe ingine
Graunted to the by influence deuyne

And seyng the diffinicion of a kyng
Is for to haue of people gouernaunce
Addresse the, first aboue all other thyng
To put thy body to suche ordinaunce
That thy vertue thyne honour may auaunce
For how shulde pryncis gouerne great regions
That can not onely guyde theyr owne persons.

And thy grace Wolde lyue ryght pleasantly
Call thy counsell and cast on them the cure
Theyr iust decretis defend and fortefy
Without good counsell may no prince longe indure
Wyrke With counsell then shall thy werke be sure
Chose thy counsell of the most sapient
Without regarde to blode, ryches or rent

Among all other pastyme and pleasure
Nowe in thy adolescent yeres yenge
Wolde thou euery day study but half an houre
The regiment of princely gouernynge
To thy people it were a pleasaunt thynge
Theyr myght thou fynd thy owne vocation
How thou Wolde vse thy scepture sword and crown.

The cronicles to know I the exhort
Whiche may be myrrour to thy maieste
There shalte thou fynd bothe good and euyll report
Of euery prince after his qualite
Thoughe they bene dede theyr dedes shall not dye
Trust Wyll thou shalte be styled in that storye
As thou deseruest put in memorye.

Request that roy Whiche rent Was on the roode
Ther to defend frome dedes of defame
That no poete repoze of the but good
For princes dayes endures but a dreame
Seyng fyrst kyng Fergus bare a diadeame
Thou arte the last kynge of fyue score and fyue
And all ar deed and none but thou on lyue.

Of whose nombre fyftye and fyue bene slayne
And most parte in theyr owne mysgouernaunce
Wherfore I the beseche my souerayne
Consyder of theyr lyues the circumstaunce
And When thou knowest the cause of theyr myschaunce
Of vertue than exalte the sayles on hye
Trustynge to scape that fatall destenye

Entreate euery true baron as he were thy brother
Whiche moost nede the and thy realme defende
When sodeynly one dothe oppresse an other
Let iustice myxed With mercy them amende
Haue thou theyr hertes, thou hast ynough to spende
And by the contrary, thou art but kyng of bone
From tyme thyne heres hertes be from the gone.

I haue no leysure for to Wryte at length
My hole entent vnto thyne excellence
Decreassed so I am in Wyt and strenth
My mortall Wound doth me such violence
People of me may haue experience
Because alas I Was inconsolable
Now may I dye a carfyue miserable.

Here begynneth the seconde epistle of the Papingo, dyrecte to her brether of the Court.

BRether of court with mynde precordiall
To the great god hertely I commende you
Imprent my fall in your memoryall
Togyther with this cedull that I sende you
To preylle ouer hye I pray you not pretend you
The bayne ascence of court who wyll consydder
Who sytte s most hye, shall fynde the seat most slydder

So ye that now bene lansing vp the ledder
Take tent in tyme holding your fyngers fast
Who clymmeth most hye, most dynt hath of the wedder
And leest defence agaynst the bytter blast
Of fals fortune whylke takes neuer rest
But most redoubted dayly she downe thrynges
Not sparing papes, emperours, nor kynges.

Though ye bene mounted vp abone the skyes
And hath both kynge and court in gouernaunce
Some was as hye whylk now rygth low lyes
Complaning sore the courtes variaunce
Theyr preterit tyme may be experience
Whylk through bayne hope of court dyd clyme so hye
Syne wanted whyngis when they wend best to flye

Seyng yͤt court bene vntrust and transitorye
Chaungyng as oft as Wether cocke in Wynde
Some maryage glad and other som ryght sorye
Formest tyts day the morne may go behynde
Let not vayne hope of court your reason blynde
Trust well some men wyll gyue you laude as lordes
Whyles Wolde be glad to se you hang in cordes

I durst declare the miserabilite
Of dyuers courtes Were not my tyme to shorte
The dredfull chaunge vayneglory and vilite
The paynefull pleasures as poetes doth reporte
Somtyme in hope somtyme in discomfort
And how som men doth spend theyr youthed all
In court, tyme, endeth in the hospitall.

How som in court bene quiete counsaiours
Without regarde to commen Welth or kynges
Castynge theyr cure for to be conquetours
And When they bene hye rayſed in theyr rynges
How chaunge of court them dolefully downe thrynges
And when they bene frome theyr estate deposed
How many of theyr fall bene ryght well reioyſed

And how fonde fayned fules and flatterars
For small ſeruice optayneth great rewardes
Bandars pikthankes custrouns and clatterars
Loupes vp frome ladders, tyne lyghtes among lordes
Blaſphematours braggars and common bardes
Somtyme in court hath more auctorite
Than well lerned doctours in diuinite.

How in some court be barnes of Bellall
Full of dissimuled paynted flattery
Prouokynge by intoxicate counsall
Princes to horedome and cyll hasardry
Who dothe in prynces prent syk harlotry
I say for me suche pert prouocatours
Sholde punissed be above all stronge traytours.

What trauars, trouble, and calamite
Hath ben in court Within this hundreth yeares
What mortall chaunges, What mysorte
What noble men be brought vpon theyr bares
Trust Well my frendes folow ye mon your feares
So seynge in court is no tranquilite
Set not on it your hole felicite

The court chaungeth somtyme With sik outrage
That fewe or none may make resistence
And spareth not the pryncc more than the page
As Well appereth by experyence
The duke of Rosey myght make no defence
Whylke Was pertenand roy of this region
But dulefully deuored in pryson

What drede, What dolour, had that noble kynge
Robert the thyrde from tyme he knewe the case
Of his two sonnes the dolent departynge
Prynce Dauid deed, and James captyue alas
Cyll true scottes men, Whylk Was a carefull case
Thus may ye knowe the court bene barrand
When bloode ryall the chaunge myght not garnstand.

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Who clam in court more hye and tryumphand
Nor duke Murdok, whyle that his dayes endured
Was he not great protectour of Scotland
yet of the court he Was not Well assured
It chaunged so his lange seruyce Was smured
He and his sone kayre Walter Without remeed
Forfalted were, and put to dulefull deed

Kynge James the fyrst, patrone of prudence
Grim of angyne, and perle of policy
Well of iustyce, and floode of eloquence
Whose vertue doth transcende my fantasy
For to discryne yet When he stode most hye
By false exhorbitant conspyracyoun
That prudent prynce Was pitiously put doun

Als Jamess the seconde, roy of great renoun
Beynge in his supereycellent gloire
Through ertheleste shotyng of oue great cannoun
The dolent deth alas dyd hym deuore
One thynge there is, of Whylk I mervayle more
That fortune had at hym syk mortall feed
Through fyfty thousande to Wale hym by the heed

My hert is persed With paynes for to paunce
Or Wryte that courtes variacyon
Of Jamess the thyrde When he had gouernaunce
The dolour, drede, and desolacyon
The chaunge of court and conspiracion
And how that cochrane With his company
That tyme in court clam so presumptuously

It had ben good those barons had bene bndoyne
By whome that noble prynce was so abused
They grewe as dyd the wede aboue the coyne
That prudent lordes counsell was refused
And helde hym quiet as he had bene inclused
Alas that prynce by theyr abusyon
Was finally brought vnto confusyon

They clam so hye, and get suche audience
And with theyr prynce grewe so familyar
His germane brother myght get no presence
The duke of Albane, nor the erle of Mar
Lyke banysshed men were holden at the bar
Tyll in the kynge there grewe syk mortall feed
He slu̇mit the duke, and put the erle to deed

This cochrane with his captyue companye
Forced them to fle, but yet they wanted fedders
Aboue the hyelyders of Lidanye
They clam so hye tyll they lap ouer the ledders
On Lauder brig syne kepped were in tedders
Strangled to deth, they gernone other grace
Theyr kynge captyue, whiche was a carefull case

Tyll put in forme that fate infortunate
And mortall chaunge perturbeth myne ingyne
My wyttes ben weyke, my fyngers fatigate
To dyte or wryte the rancour rupne
The cruyll warre, the battell intestyne
How that the sone with banner brode displayed
Agayne the father in batayle came arayed

C.ti

Wolde god that prince had bene that day comforted
With sapience of the prudent Salomone
And with the strengh of strong Samsone supported
With the boldnesse of great Ajax none
What shuld I Wilhe remedy Was there none
At mone a kynge With ceptour swerde and croun
At euen a deed deformed carioun

Alas Where is that rycht redouted roy
That potent prynce gentill kynge James the ferd
I pray to Chryst his saule for to conuoy
One greater noble raygned not in erd
O Atropos wary We may thy Werd
For he Was myrrour of humilite
Lood ster and lamp of liberalite

During his tyme so iustice did preuayle
The sauage ylis trubled for terrour
Elisdaile emsdaile liddisdaile and annerdaile
Durst not rebell doutyng his dintis dour
And of his wordes had suk perfit sauour
So for to shawe that he fered no fone
Out throughe his realme he Wold ride him alone.

And of his court throughe Europ sprang the fame
Of lusty lordes and lussome ladyes yong
Triumphant tornays Justing and knyghtly game
With all pastyme according for a kynge
He Was the glory of prynccly gouernynge
Tyll throughe the ardent loue he had to Fraunce
Agaynst Jngland dyd moue his ordinaunce

Of flowdon felde the turne to reuolue
Of that moſt dolent daye for to deplore
Alpha, for dede that dolour you deſolue
Shew how that prynce in his tryumphant glore
Deſtroyed was, What nedes proces more
Not by vertue of the Englyſshe ordinaunce
But by his owne wylfull myſgouernaunce

Alas that day had he ben conſolable
He had optcyned laude, glory, and victory
Whoſe petuous proces bene ſo lamentable
Ine Well, at length it put in memory
Ineuer red in tragedye nor ſtory
At one tourney ſo many nobles ſlayne
For the defence and loue of theyr ſouerayne

Now brether make in your remembraunce
Amyrour of theyr mutabilities
So may ye knowe the courtes inconſtaunce
When prynces bene thus pulled from theyr ſees
After Whoſe deth Whoſe ſtraunge aduerſitees
What great myſrule in to this region rang
When our yonge prynce couth neyther ſpeke nor gang

Durynge his tender youthe and innocence
What ſlouth, What ſtelth, What murther & myſchaunce
There was nought elles but Werkynge of vengence
In that courte there range lyk baryaunce
Dyuers rulers, made dyuers ordinaunce
Somtyme our quene reygned in auctorite
Somtyme the prudent duke of Albanie

Sometyme the realme was ru'ed by regentes
Sometyme leeftenaunces ledars of the lawd
Than reygned so mony inobedientes
That few or none of an other stode in awe
Oppression dyd so loude his bugle blawe
That none durst ride but in the feyr of weir
Jak vpland that tyme dyd mylle his meir.

Who was more hye in honour eleuate
Nor was Margarete our hye and mighty princes
Such power was to her appropriate
Of kyng and realme she was gouernores
Yet came one chaunge within a short proces
That perle preclare that lusty pleasand quens
Long tyme durst not in the corut be sene

The archebisshop of sayne Androus James Beton
Chancellar and primate in power pastorall
Clam next the kyng most hye in this region
The ledder shooke he lap and gat a fall
Auctorite nor power spirituall
Riches frendisship myght not that tyme preuayle
When dame Curia began to stere her tayle.

His hygh prudence preuayled hym not a myte
That tyme the court bare hym syk mortal feed
As prisoner they kepte hym in despite
And somtyme wyst not where to hide his heed
But disguysed lyke Johñ the reif he raed
Had not bene hope that bare hym company
He had bene strangled by melancoly

What cummer and care was in the court of fraunce
When kyng francys was takin prysonere
The duke of Bourbon and his ordinaunce
Deed at one stroke rycht balefully brought on bere
The court of Rome that tyme ran all arere
When pape Clement was put in strong prison
The noble citie put to confusion

In England who had greater gouernaunce
Nor theyr tryumphand courtly cardinall
The common weale some layes he dyd auaunce
By equall iustice both to great and small
There was no prelate to hym peregall
Englysshe men sayth, had he raygned long space
He had deposed sayne Peter of his place

His pryncely pompe, nor papale grauite
His palace royall rych and radious
Nor yet the glude of superfluite
Of his rychys nor trauayle tedious
From tyme dame Curia held hym odious
Preuayled hym not nor prudence most profounde
The ledder brake and and he fell to the grounde

Where bene the doughty erles of douglas
Whylkes ryally in to this region rang
Forfayt and slayne What nedeth more proces
The erle of Marche was marchelled them amang
Dame Curia them dolefully downe thrang
And now of late who clam more hye amang vs
Nor lord archbald bim whyle erle of angus.

Who with his prynce was more familiar
Nor of his grace had more auctorite
Was he not great Wardeyn and chauncellar
yet whan he stode vpon the hyghest gre
Trustyng no thyng but perpetuite
Was sodaynly deposed from his place
Forfayt and flemit, he gat non other grace

Wherfore trust not in auctorite
My dere brethren I pray you hartely
Presume not in your vayne prosperite
Conferme your trust in god all hooly
Syne, serue your prynce with entier hert truly
And when ye se the court bene at the best
I counsall you than draw you to your rest

Where bene the hye tryumphant court of troy
Of Alexandre with his twelue prudent peres
Or Julius that ryght redoubted roy
Agamemnon most Worthy in his Weres
To shew theyr fyne my frayed hert efferes
Some murdred were, some poysoned petiously
Theyr carefull courtis disparkid dolefully

Trust well my frendes there is no constāt court but ons
Where Chryst is kynge Whose tyme interminable
And hygh tryumphant glory is neuer gone
That quiete court mirthful and vnmutable
Without varyaunce standith ay ferme and stable
Dissimilance flatery nor fals report
In to that court shall neuer get entre

Trust well my frendes this is no fayned fare
For who that bene in the extreme of deed
The verite without doubte they sholde declare.
Without regarde to fauour or to feed
Whyle ye haue tyme dere brether make remede
Adue for euer, of me ye get no more
Beseke and god to bryngе you to his glore

Adue Edinburgh, you hygh triumphant towne
Within whose boundes ryght blythfull haue I bene
Of true marchauntes the rote of this regiowne
Moost redy to receyue court kynge and quene
Thy policye and iustyce maye be sene
Were deuotion wysdome and honeste
And credence tint, they myght be founde in the

Adue fayre Snadowne, with thy toures hye
Thy chappell, ryall, parke, and table rounde
Maye, June, and July, wolde I dwell in the
Were I a man to heare the byrdes sounde
Whylke doth agayne thy ryall rocke redounde
Adue Lythko, whose palayse of pleasaunce
Myght be a patron in Portingale or Fraunce

Farewell Falklande, the forteres of of Fyfe
Thy polyte parke vnder the lowmonde lawe
Somtyme in the, I led a lusty lyfe
The fallowe dere to se them reke on rawe
Court men to come to the, they stande great awe
Sayenge thy burgh ben of all burrowes bale
Because in the they neuer get good ale

There begynneth the communynge betwyxte the Papingo and hyr Executours.

The ape perceyued the Papingo in payne
Detrusted downe and feyned hym to grete
Syster sayd he alas who hath you slayne
I pray you make prouision for your spyrete
Go test your gere and you confesse complete
I haue power by your contrition
Of all your mysse to gyue you full remission

I am sayth he a chanon regulare
And of my brether pryour pryncipall
My White rochet, my clene lyfe doth declare
The blake bene of the deth memoriall
Wherfore I thynke your goodes naturall
Shold be submytted hole in to my cure
Ye know I am a ryght holy creature

The rauin came raupand When he herd the rare
So dyd the g'code With mony a petuous pew
And feynedly they counterfeyted great care
Syster sayd they, your retchlesnes We rew
Now best it is our iust counsell ensew
Seyng We pretend tyll hye promotion
Relygyous men of great deuotion

I am a blak monke sayd the rutland rauine
So sayd the gledde I am a cordilere
And hath power to bryng you quyk to heauin
It is well knowen my conscience bene full clere
The blak bible prounce I shall perquere
So tyll our brether ye wyll gyue some good
God wate if we haue nede of lyues fooo

The papingo sayd fader be the rood
Howbeit your rayment be religious lyke
Your conscience I suspect be not good
I did perceyue when preuely ye dyd pike
A chykyn from a hen vnder a dyke
I grant sayd he, that hen was my good frende
And I that chekyn toke but for my teynde

ye know the sayth by vs men be susteynde
So by the kyrk it is preordinate
That spirituall men shold lyue vpon theyr teynde
But well wote I ye bene predestinate
In your extreme to be so fortunate
To haue syk holy consultation
Wherfore we make you exhortation

Sen dame nature has graunted you syk grace
Leysure to make confession generall
Showe forth your synne in haste whill ye haue space
Then of your gere make a memoriall
Whe thre shall make your feestes funerall
And with great trysse bury we shall your bones
Syne trentalles twenty/trattle all at ones

So by thy hygh ingyne superlatike
Of all countreys thou knowest the qualitycs
Wherfore I the conjure by god of lyfe
The verite declare without lyes
What thou hast herde be landes and by seis
Of vs kyrk men both good and euill report
And how they iudge shawe vs we the exhort.

Fader sayd she I captiue creature
Dare not presume with syk mater to melle
Of your cases ye know I haue no cure
Demande them. Wisk imprudence doth precell
I may not pew my paynes bene so fell
And also perchaunce ye wyll not stand content
To know the vulgars peoples iugement

Yet wyll the deth alyte withdraw his dart
All that lyes in my memoriall
I shall declare with trew vnfeyned hart
And first I say to you in generall
The commone people says ye bene all
Degenerate from your holy primitius
As testifyes the proces of your liuis

Of your perelese prudent predecessours
The begynnyng I graunt was veray gude
Apostles, martyrs, virgyns, and confessours
The founde of they excellent sanctitude
Was herd ouer all the world by land and flude
Planting the faith by predication
As Chryst had made to them narration

To fortefy the fayth they toke no fere
Afore princes preching full prudently
Of dolorous deth they ordred not the dere
The verite declaryng feruently
And materdome they suffered pacientely
They toke no cure of land, ryches, nor rent
Doctrine and dede ware both equiuolent

To shewe at length theyr werkes were great wunder
Theyr myracles they were so manyfest
In name of Chryst they heled many hunder
Raysyng the deed and purgyng the possest
With peruest spretes which had bene oppest
The croked ran the blynde men gate theyr eyen
The defe men herd, the lyppes were made cleen

The prelates spoused were with pouerte
The dayes when so they florysshed in fame
And with hyr companed lady chastite
And dame deuotion notable of name
Humble they were semple and full of shame
Thus chastite and dame deuotion
Was principall cause of theyr promotion.

¶ Thus they contynued in this life deuyne
Ay tyll there raygnyd in Romes great cite
A potent prynce whose name was Constantyne
Perceyued the kyrke had spoused pouerte
With good entent and moued of pite
Cause of dyuorse he fand betwyxt them two
And parted them without wordes mo

Syne shortly With a great solempnite
Without ony dispensacyon
The kyrke he spoused With dame properte
Whylke hastely by proclamacyon
To pouerte garte make narracyon
Under the payne of perlynge of her eyne
That With the kyrke sholde no more be sene

Sylluester that tyme Was pape in Rome
Whiche fyrst consented to the maryage
Of properte the Whylke began to blome
Takynge on her the cure With hye corage
Deuotion drewe her tyll an hermytage
When she consydered lady properte
So hyghe exalted in to dignite

O Sylluester Where was thy discrecyon
Whylk Peter dyd renounce, thou dyd recayf
Andrewe and Johñ dyd leaue theyr possession
Theyr shyppes, theyr nettes, lynes, & all the layf
Of temporall substaunce nothyng Wolde they hayf
Contraryous to theyr contemplacyon
But soberly theyr sustentacyon

Johñ the Baptyst Went to the Wylderneſſe
Lazarus, Martha, and mary Magdalaune
Lefte heritage and goodes more and lesſe
Prudent saynt Paule, thought properte prophaine
From towne to towne he ran in Wynde and rayne
Upon his fete, techynge the Worde of grace
And neuer Was subiecte to ryches

The gled sayd yet I heare nothynge but good
Procede shortly and thy matter auaunce
The Papingo sayd fader by the rood
It were to lang to shew the circumstaunce
How properte with her new alliaunce
Grew great with chylde as true men to me tolde
And bare two doughters goodly to beholde

The eldest doughter named was ryches
The seconde syster sensualite
Whiche dyd encreace within a short proces
Pleasaunt to the spiritualite
In great substaunce and excellent beaute
These ladyes two grewe so within few yeres
That in the worlde ware none myght be theyr peres

This ryall ryches and lady sensuall
From that tyme forth toke hole the gouernaunce
Of the most part of the state spirituall
And they agayne with humble obseruaunce
Amorously theyr wyttes dyd auaunce
As true louers theyr ladyes for to please
God wote gyf than theyr hertes were at ease

Soone they forgate to studye, pray, and preche
They grewe so subiect to dame sensuall
And thought it but payne poze people for to teche
yet they decreed in theyr great counsall
They wolde no more to marryage be thrall
Trusting surely to obserue chastite
And albegyled quod sensualite

Apperandly they dyd expell theyr wyues
That they myght lyue at large without bondage
At liberte to leade theyr lusty lyues
Thynkyng men thrall that bene in mariage
For new faces prouoketh new corage
Thus chastite they turne in to delyte
Wantyng of wyues bene cause of appetyte

¶ The banyshyng of chastite.

Dame chastite dyd steale away for shame
From tyme she dyd perceyue theyr puruyance
Dame sensuall one letter gart proclame
And her exiled Italy and Fraunce
In England coude she get none ordinannce
Than to the kyng and court of Scotlande
She marked her wt. houten more demande

Trustyng in to that court to get comfort
She made her humble supplication
Shortly they sayd she shold get no support
But boosted her with blasphemation
To preestes go make you protestation
It is, sayd they, many an hundred yere
Sen chastite had ony enteres here

Tyred for trauell she to the preestes past
And to the rulars of religyon
Of her presens shortly they were agast
Sayeng they thought it but abusion
Her to receyue so with conclusion
With one aduyse decreed and gaue dome
They wolde receyue no rebell out of Rome

Sholde we receyue that Romains has refused
And banisshed England/Italy/and Fraunce
For your flattery than were we well abused
Passe hens sayd they and fast your way auaunce
Among the nunnes go seke your ordinaunce
For we haue made othe of fidelite
To dame ryches and sensualite

Than paciently she made progression
Toward the nunnes with herte syghyng full sore
They gaue her presens With procession
Receyued her With honour, laude, and glore
Purposyng to preserue her euermore
Of that nouelles came to dame properte
To ryches and so to sensualite

Whylkes sped them at the post ryght spedely
And set one syege proudly about the place
The selly nunnes dyd yelde them hastely
And humbly of theyr gylt asked grace
Syne gaue theyr bandes of perpetuall peace
Receyuand them they kept open wyckettes wyde
Than chastite Wold no longer abyde

¶ So for refuge fast to the freres she fled
Which sayd they Wolde of ladyes take no cure
Where is she now than sayd the gredy gled
Not among you sayd she / you assure
I trust she bene vpon the burrow mure
By south Edynburgh and so full many menes
Profest among the systers of the senes

There hath she founde her moder pouerte
And deuotion her owne syster cordiall
There hath she founde fayth, hoope, and charite
Cogyther with the vertuous cardinall
There hath she founden one couent yet vnthrall
To Sensualite nor with ryches abused
So quietly those ladyes bene incluse.

The pyote sayd, I dreed, be they assayled
They wyll rendre them as dyd the holy nunnes
Doubt not sayd she for they bene so artayled
They purpose to defend them with theyr gunnes
Redy to shote they haue six great cannouns
Perseuerance, constance, and conscience,
Austerite, labour, and abstinence

Tyll resist, subtyll Sensualite
Strongly they bene armed feete and handes
By abstinence, and kepeth pouerte
Contrary ryches and all her false seruandes
They haue one bumbard brased vp in bandes
To kepe theyr port in myddes of theyr close
Whilk is called domine custodi nos.

Within whose shote, there dare no enemyes
Approche theyr place, for dreed of dyntes doure
But nyght and day, they warke lyke bely bees
For theyr defence redy to stand in stoure
And hath syk watchis on theyr vtter toure
That Sensualite with siege dare not assayle
Nor come within the shot of theyr artayle

The pyote sayd Wherto shold they presume
For to resyst swete sensualite
Or dame ryches Wich rulers bene in Rome
Are they more constant in theyr qualite
Than the captayns of the spiritualte
Whylkes pleasandly Without en obstakle
Has them reseyued in theyr habitakle.

How longe trowe ye, those ladyes shall remayne
So solitary in suche perfection
The Papingo sayd brether in certayne
So long as they obey correction
Chosyng theyr heedes by election
Unthrall to ryches or to properte
But as requires theyr necessite

O prudent prelates Where Was your prescience
That toke on hande tyll obserue chastite
Without austere lyfe/labour/and abstinence
Perseyued ye not the great prosperite
Apperandly tyll come of properte
Ye knew good chere, great ease, and ydelnes
To lechery Was moder and maystres

Thou raues vnroked thy-rayn sayd by the roode
For to repreue ryches or properte
Abraham and Isaac/Were ryche and ay good
Jacob and Joseph had prosperite
The Papingo sayd, that is verite
Ryches I graunt is not to be refused
Prouydyng alwaye it be not abused.

Than made the rauen a replicacion
Syne, sayde thy reason is not worth a myte
As I shall proue with protestacyon
That no man take my wordes in despyte
I say the tempozall pzynces has the wyte
That in the kyzk syk pastours doth dzouyde
To gouerne soules that not them selfe can guyde

Longe tyme after the kyzke toke pzoperte
The pzelates lyued in great perfection
Unthzall to ryches oz Sensualite
Under the holy spzetes protection
Odzerly chosynge by election
As Gzegoze, Jerome, Ambzose, and Augustyne
Benedict, Bernard, Clement, Clete, & Lyne

Syk pacient pzelates entred by the pozte
Plealynge the pepole by pzedication
Now dyke lowpers, dothe in the kyzk resozte
By symony and supplicacyon
Of patrons by theyz presentacyon
So sely soules that bene Chzystes shepe
Are gyuen to hungry gozmond wolues to kepe

No meruayle is though we religious men
Degenerat be and in our lyues confused
But synge and dzynke, none other crafte we ken
Our spirituall faders has vs so abused
Agayne our wyll they trukours bene intrused
Lay men has now religious men in cures
Pzofest virgyns in keppynge of stronge hures

Prynces prynces, Where bene your hye prudence
In dispo'icion of your benefyces
The guerdonyng of your courticience
Is some cause of your great enormiteis
There is one sort Waytand lyke hungry fleis
For spirituall cure though they be nothyng able
Whose gredy thrystes bene unsaciable

Prynces I pray you be no more abused
To vertuous men hauyng so small regarde
Why sholde vertue through flattery be refused
That men for cunnyng can get no reWarde
Alas that euer a braggar or a barde
An hoore mayster or a common halature
Shold in the kyrk get ony kynde of cure

Were I a man Worthy to Were a crowne
Ay When there baked ony benefyce
I shold gar call a congregation
Of principals of all the prelacyse
Most cunnyng clerkes of vniuersyties
Most famous faders of religion
With theyr aduyse make disposition

I shold dispone all offices pastorayles
Tyll doctours of diuinite or iure
And cause dame vertue pull vp all her sayles
When cunnyng men had in the kyrk most cure
Gar lordes send theyr sonnes I you assure
To seke science and famous scholes frequent
Syne, them promote that Were most sapient

Great pleſure were to here a byſſhop preche
A deane, or a doctour in diuinitie
An abbot whyle couth well his couent teche
A parſone flowyng in philoſophie
I tyne my tyme tyll wyſhe whyle wyll not be,
Were not the prechyng of certeyn beggyng freres
Tint were the fayth amange the ſeculeres.

CAs for theyr prechyng of the Papingo
I them excuſe for why they bene ſo thrall
Tyll properte and her dygne doughters two
Dame ryches and fayre lady ſenſuall
They may not vſe no paſtyme ſpirituall
And in theyr habytes they take lyke delyte
They haue renounſed ruſſat and courſe whyte

Clekande to them ſcarlot and cramoſie
With meneuer/martrik/greece, and ryche armyne
Theyr low herres exalted are ſo hye
To ſe theyr papall pompe it is a pyne
More ryche arraye is now with frenges fyne
Apon the braudyng of a byſſhopes mule
Nor euer had Paule or Peter agayne youle

Seyng fayre ladyes theyr cheyne may not eſcape
Senſualite ſo ſuch feed has in them ſawne
Leſſe skathe it were with lycence of the Pape
That ylk prelate a wyfe had of his awne
Then ſe theyr baſtardes throughout the cõtrey blawne
For as ſone as they be cõmyn from the ſcules
They fall to werke as they were common bules

Pew quod the gled thou preches all in bayne
The secular folk has of our cases no cures
I graunt quod she yet men wyll speke agayne
How ye haue made an hundreth thousande hures
Whylk neuer had bene were not your lychorus lures
And gyf I lye hertely I me repent
Was neuer byrd I wote more penitent

Than she shroue her with deuonte countenaunce
To that false gled wylk feyned hym a frere
And after he had enioyned her penaunce
Full subtelly at her he gan inquere
Those you sayd he, Whylk of vs brethren here
Shall haue of all your naturall gere the cures
ye know none bene more holy creatures

I am content quod the pore Papingo
That ye frere gled and cozby monke your brother
Haue cure of all my goodes and no mo
Seyng at this tyme frendshyp I fynd none other
We wyll be to you as true as tyll our mother
Quod they and sware to fulfyll her entent
Of that sayd she I take an instrument

The pyote sayd What shall my office be
Ouerseer sayd she vnto the other two
She rowpand rauyn sayd swete syster lat se
your hole entent for it is tyme to go
The gredy gled sayd brother do not so
We wyll remayne and holden vp her heed
And neuer depart from hyr tyll she be deed

The Papingo them thanked tenderly
And sayd seyng ye haue tane on you this cure
Depart my naturall goodes equally
That euer I had or hath of dame nature
Fyrst to the howlot indegent and pure
Whilk on the day for shame dare not be sene
Tyll her I leaue my gay galbert of grene

My bryght depured eyen as cristall clere
Unto the bak ye shall them both present
In Phebus presens whylk dare not appere
Of naturall syght she is so impotent
My burneshed beik I leaue with good entent
Unto the gentil petuous pellicane
Tyll help to perse her tender hert in twane

I leaue the golk whylk has no songe but one
My musyk with my voyce angelicall
And to the guse ye gyue when I am gone
My eloquence and tonge rethoricall
And take and drye my bones great and small
Syne, close them in a case of euour fyne
And them present vnto the fenix shyne

To burne with her when she her lyfe renewes
In Arabie ye shall her fynd without fere
And shall knowe her by her most heuenly hewes
Gold, asure, gowles, purpour, and sinopere
Hyr date is for to lyue fyue hundreth yere
Make to that bird my commendation
And als I make you supplication

Seyng of my corps I haue you gyuen the cure
ye spede you to the court without tarying
And take my herte of perfyte portrature
And it prent vnto my souerayne kyng
I wote he wyll it close in to a ryng
Commend me to his grace I you exhort
And of my passion make hym true report

ye thre my trypes shall haue for your trauell
With lyuer and lunge to part equall among you
Pray and Pluto the potent prynce of hell
Gyf ye fayle that in his fete he fang you
Be to me true thoughe I nothyng belang you
Sore I suspect your conscience be to large
Doubt not sayd they we take it with the charge

Adue brether quod the pore Papingo
To talkyng more I haue no tyme to tary
But sen my spyrite mon from my body go
I recommende it to the quene of fary
Eternally in to her court to tary
In wyldernes amonge thyr holtes hore
Than she included her heed & spake no more

Plunged in tyll her mortall passion
Full greuously she grypped to the grounde
It were to longe to make narracyon
Of syghes sore with many stauke and stounde
Out of her wounde the bloode so abounde
A compace rounde was with her bloode made reed
Without remedy there was nothynge but deed

And by she had in manus tuas sayd
Extincted were her naturall wyttes fyue
Her heed full softly on her shulder she layd
Syne yeld the spryte with paynes pungitiue
The rauen began rudely to roug and ryue
Full gormondyk, his empty throte he fed
Eate softly brether sayd the gredy gled

Whyle she is hote depart her euen amonge vs
Take you one halfe and reke to me another
In tyll our tyght I wote no wyght dare wrang vs
The piot sayd the fynde receyue the sother
Why make ye me stepbarne and I your brother
ye do me wrang syr gled I shrow your hart
Take there sayd he the puddynges for thy part

Than wot ye well my hert was wonder sayre
For to beholde that dolent departyng
Her angell fedders fleyng in the ayre
Except the hart was left of her nothyng
The piot sayd this perteynes to the kyng
Whylk tyll his grace I purpose to present
Thou quod the gled shall fayll of thyn entent

The rauyn sayd, god nor I rar in a rape
And thou get this other to kyng or duke
The piot sayd playne I not to the pape
Than in one smedy I be smored with smuke
With that the gled the pece caught in his cluke
And fled his way the layfe with all theyr myght
Tyll chace the gled flew all out of my syght

¶ Now haue ye herde this lytle tragedye
The sore complaynt, the testament & myschaunce
Of this poore byrde, Whyche dyd ascende so hye
Beseekyng you excuse myne ignoraunce
And rude endyte, Whyle is not to auaunce
And to the queyre I gyue the commaundement
Make no repayre, Where poetes bene present

Because you bene but rethoryk so rude
Be neuer sene beside none other boke
With kyng nor quene, With lorde nor man of gude
With cote vncleue, clayme kynred to some coke
Stele in a nuke, When men lyst on the loke
For smell of smuke men wyll abhorre to bere the
Here I mensuer the, Wherfore to lurke go lere the.

¶ Here endes the complaynt, & testament of the kynge of Scottes Papinpo, compyled by Dauid Lyndesay of the mount, and fynysshed the. xiiij. day of Decembre, in the yere of our lord. 1530

¶ Imprynted at London in Fletestrete, at the sygne of the Sonne, by Johñ Byddell. The yere of our lorde. M. D. xxxviij.

CVM PRIVILEGIO.